THE

Johnson Journal



Commencement - 1932

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. IX **JUNE - 1932** **COMMENCEMENT ISSUE**

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief — Robert M. Gagne
Assistant Editor — Arthur B. Bastian
Art Editor — George L. Brightman
Humor Editor — Daniel A. Balavich
News Editor — John J. Phelan, Jr.
Sports Editor—Girls — Eleanor A. Fitzgerald
Sports Editor—Boys — Charles J. Donlan
Exchange Editor — Mary A. Sullivan
Alumni Editor — Dorcas Curley
Typists — Miriam Williams, Lottie F. Maselunas, Mary E. Cunio

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager — George W. Busby, Jr.
Advertising Manager — Leonard O. Slicer
Circulation Manager — John R. McEvoy, Jr.
Faculty Adviser — Miss Edith L. Pierce

REPORTERS

Senior Class — Ruth Buchan, Frank Z. Ringalo
Junior Class — Jean Barker, Leon A. J. Diamont
Sophomore Class — Marguerite Phelan, Claire M. Lebel, William B. Graham
Freshman Class — Barbara McKenzie, Vincent F. Miller, Winifred Baldwin, Thomas A. Ceplikas

Table of Contents

Staff 1
Dedication 2
The Principal's Message 3
Class of 1932 4
Class Ballot 6
Salutatory With Essay 7
Valedictory 13
Class Prophecy 14
Last Will and Testament 16
Chatter 21
Literary 22
Athletics 29
Alumni Notes 31
Jokes 33
Advertisements 35



To

MISS ANNIE L. SARGENT

Loved and Respected by All

This Journal

Is

Dedicated

The Principal's Message to The Class of 1932

You are a large class. You are a talented class; a class with whom it has been a pleasure and a satisfaction to live and work. As you leave us you take with you my hearty good wishes for your individual futures and my real expectation that you will each succeed and that this world of ours, wherever you make your homes, will feel your influence for great good.

Graduation—Let us go back to its Latin root. I love to think of graduation as a stepping up, a stepping out, a stepping forward.

May you each be

"One who never turned his back but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to make.
No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be;
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

—Annie L. Sargent

Class of 1932

CHARLOTTE HELEN AUGER
West Boxford, Mass.
"CHAR"

FRANCOISE AUGER
West Boxford, Mass.
"FRANNY"

DANIEL ALGERD BALAVICH
26 *Harkaway Road*
"DANNY"

Baseball 3, 4
"Seventeen" 3
"It Pays to Advertise" 4
Class Plays 3, 4
Marshal 3
Athletic Council 4
Journal Staff 4

ARTHUR BERNARD BASTIAN
22 *Harold Street*
"BUDDY"

Class President 2, 4
Class Play 4
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4
Basketball 2, 3, 4
Athletic Council 1
Athletic Asso. President 4
Journal Staff 3
Asso. Editor 4
Class Treasurer 3
Class Orator

LEO JOSEPH BOULANGER
43 *Saunders Street*
"BO"

Football 4
Baseball 4

ALFRED BENJAMIN BOUSH
132 *Gray Street*
"BOUSHIE"

GEORGE LAWSON BRIGHTMAN
21 *Bay State Road*
"LAWS"

Journal 3, 4

RUTH ELEANOR BUCHAN
35 *Third Street*
"RUTHIE"

Journal Staff 1, 2, 3, 4
Class Plays 1, 4
Class Secretary 2
Glee Club 4

GEORGE WILLIAM BUSBY, JR.
561 *Great Pond Road*
"BILL"

Journal Staff 4
Football 4
Class Play 4
"Seventeen" 3
"It Pays to Advertise" 4
Class President 1
Orchestra 2, 3, 4

PHILIP ARTHUR BUSBY
561 *Great Pond Road*
"NIB"

Football 4
Class Play 4
Athletic Association 2
Orchestra 2, 3, 4

ANTHONY HENRY BUTURLIA
65 *Highland Avenue*
"UNCHIE"

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4
Football 3, 4
Baseball 3, 4

GERTRUDE PATRICIA CALLAHAN
11 *Third Street*
"CAL"

Orchestra 1, 4
Class Play 1
Glee Club 4
Athletic Council 4

ANNA XAVERIA COLLINS
37 *Stonington Street*
"ANN"

Glee Club 4

DRURY IRWIN CONNOR
49 *Milton Street*
"DREW"

PAUL MONROE COVELL
246 *Great Pond Road*
"PAUL"

RUTH COVELL
246 *Great Pond Road*
"RUTHIE"

Class Play 4

MARY ELIZABETH CUNIO
3 *Railroad Avenue*
"MARY"

Johnson Journal 4
Essex County Type. Contest 3

DORCAS CURLEY
25 *Dudley Street*
"DORCAS"
Journal Staff 1, 2, 3, 4
Class Prophecy 4
Class Plays 1, 3, 4
Class Secretary 1
Glee Club 4
"Bab" 2
"Seventeen" 3
"It Pays To Advertise" 4
Athletic Council 4

ROBERT FOSTER CURRIER
994 *Dale Street*
"FOSTER"
"It Pays to Advertise" 4
Orchestra 4

EDWARD BERNARD FAWTHROP
104 *Union Street*
"BERNIE"

ALICE MAUD FEATHER
105 *Marblehead Street*
"AL"
Basketball 3, 4

KENNETH FENTON
226 *Middlesex Street*
"KENNY"

EVELYN VIRGINIA FOSTER
West Boxford, Mass.
"VIRGINIA"
Glee Club 4

MYRTHA ELFRIEDA FREDERICK
19 *Furber Avenue*
"FREDDY"
Shorthand Contest 3
Glee Club 4

ROBERT MILLS GAGNE
2 *Perry Street*
"BOB"
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4
Journal Staff 2, 3, Editor 4
Harvard Book 3
"Seventeen" 3
"It Pays To Advertise" 4
Class Plays 3, 4
Class Will 4
Valedictorian 4
Class President 3
Athletic Association 4

AVIS CLANDINE HARRIS
2 *East Water Street*
"AVIS"
Class Play 1
Glee Club

JOHN ANTHONY HILL, JR.
259 *Osgood Street*
"BUNKER"

SADIE EMILY KAZILUNAS
7 *Harkaway Road*
"SADIE"

HELEN RITA KELLEY
201 *Middlesex Street*
"HELEN"

CYRIL RAYMOND KNOWLES
231 *Middlesex Street*
"CY"
Basketball 1, 2, 3, Captain 4
Football 2, 3, 4

FANNIE LUCY MILLER KOROSKYS
3 *Abbot Street*
"FANNIE"
Glee Club 4

JOSEPH MICHAEL LANE
18 *Fernwood Street*
"JOE"

RUTH HARRIET LEE
24 *Main Street*
"LEE"
Class Play
Glee Club

LOTTIE FRANCES MASELUNAS
9 *Harkaway Road*
"MARY"
Athletic Asso. Treasurer 4
Athletic Council
Johnson Journal
Glee Club

ALICE JACQUELINE MAY
203 *Middlesex Street*
"ALLIE"
Class Play 1
Basketball 3, 4
"It Pays to Advertise" 4

JOHN RICHARD McEVOY, JR.
124 *Mass. Avenue*
"MACK"
Basketball 4
Class Play 3
Journal Staff 4

HUGH ALEXANDER McCLUNG
135 *High Street*
"HUGHIE"
Class Play 1
Basketball 4

ALLAN LINCOLN MORSE
Water Street
"AL"
Treasurer 1, 4
Football 3, 4
Athletic Council 2, 4

ELIZABETH AGNES MURPHY
20 *Second Street*
"LIBBY"

Glee Club

ELINOR HARRIETT PERLEY
13 *Belmont Street*
"NONNIE"

Class Play 1

ANNA ELIZABETH PHELAN
6 *East Water Street*
"ANNE"

Glee Club 4

JOHN ARNOLD RATCLIFFE
215 *Sutton Street*
"ARNIE"

Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Basketball 3

ROBERT RICHARDSON
68 *Marblehead Street*
"BOB"

Journal Staff 1
"Seventeen" 3
"It Pays to Advertise" 4
Orchestra 3, 4
Class Treasurer 2

FRANK ZANE RINGALO
59 *Furber Avenue*
"RINGY"

Journal Staff 3, 4
Football 3, 4
Salutatorian 4

DAVID FRANCIS ROCHE
94 *Second Street*
"DAVE"

JOAN ALCOTT RUSSELL
1060 *Great Pond Road*
"JOAN"

"Seventeen" 3
"It Pays to Advertise" 4

WILLIAM LAURENCE SMALL
19 *Beechwood Street*
"LEFTY"

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4

RICHARD ALBERT SPOFFORD
26 *Main Street*
West Boxford, Mass.
"DICK"

FLORENCE GERTRUDE STEWART
29 *Second Street*
"GERTIE"

SAMUEL EVERETT WILLIAM TETLER
15 Annis Street
"SAM"

Football 1, 2, 3, 4

ROBERT JAMES WILLIAMS
10 *Fernwood Street*
"BOB"

CLASS BALLOT

Best looking boy	Philip Busby
Prettiest girl	Lottie Maselunas
Most popular boy	Robert Gagne
Most popular girl	Ruth Buchan
Best all-round boy	Arthur Bastian
Best all-round girl	Anna Collins
Shyest boy	Richard Spofford
Shyest girl	Sadie Kazilunas
Class baby	Joan Russell
Class flirt (girl)	Ruth Lee
Class heartbreaker (boy)	Robert Richardson
Class Humorist	Robert Gagne
Teachers' delight	Fred Clarenbach
Class eaters	Arnold Ratcliffe and George Busby
Sleepiest person	Joe Lane
Class grind	Drury Connor
Class bluffer	Fred Clarenbach
Quietest person	Miriam Williams
Most talkative person	Arnold Ratcliffe
Most innocent person	Drury Connor
Best natured boy	Sam Tetler
Best natured girl	Mary Cunio
Most promising boy	Robert Gagne
Most promising girl	Dorcas Curley

Salutatory with Essay

It gives me great pleasure to extend a cordial invitation in behalf of the class of 1932 to all you loving parents, patient teachers, staunch friends, encouraging schoolmates and invited guests, to our graduation exercises.

Goethe

In this centennial year of his death, the whole civilized world is offering special tribute to Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. The Comedie Francaise is presenting a special performance of Faust. Columbia University has invited the distinguished German dramatist, Gerhart Hauptmann, to take part in the ceremonies there, while in Germany there are innumerable lectures on his work and presentations of his plays. For the world realizes full well the truth of Carlyle's words, "Minds like Goethe's are the common property of all nations."

It is well to refresh our memory now in regard to the life and work of the man. Goethe was born in 1749 in the imperial city of Frankfurt, Germany, of middle class parents. Said Goethe, "I have the great advantage in that I was born at a time when very great events came into being and continued throughout my life, so that I was a living witness of the Seven Years' War, then of the separation of America from England, later of the French Revolution, and finally of the whole Napoleonic period."

But why commemorate the man? What has he done to merit our admiration and homage? He is most widely known in the capacity of a literary man, being universally considered second only to Shakespeare as a poet and a creator of characters. His lyrics and ballads contain some of the most tender and touching thoughts on the human emotions. His novels, "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "The Apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister", reveal such keen understanding, and his dramas, "Iphigenia" and "Faust", such truth and majesty that we can well understand why they have been translated so widely, and why they have received the eulogy of such an esteemed writer as Carlyle, when he said, "The highest that can be said of written books is to be said of these. The cornerstone of a new edifice for man is laid there."

The versatility of this genius did not end in literature. He was early interested in the natural sciences, botany, zoology, geology, mineralogy, and agriculture. His researches in the field of biology concerning the intermaxillary bone of the skull and the relationship of plants helped pave the way for the revolutionary theory of Darwin.

It would be supposed from his accomplishments thus far mentioned that Goethe was a reticent, book-wormish, systematic scholar. He was, on the contrary, an able man of the world. He was the efficient administrator of the Weimar government, overseeing the mining, agriculture, and finances of the duchy for ten years. He was a courtier, the manager of the National Theatre, an artist, and even an actor. He loved to roam in the out-of-doors. He knew and loved life's sorrows and joys. That



DORCAS CURLEY
Essay



ROBERT GAGNE
Valedictorian



ARTHUR BASTIAN
Class Orator



FRANK RINGALO
Salutatorian

he was able to be so many people at once is the prodigious thing about Goethe. Lord Haldane called his the most spacious mind since Aristotle; Napoleon called him the complete man.

People should take more advantage of their heritage and acquaint themselves with Goethe's works. In them are treasure-houses of immortal teachings and sublime maxims. Did people possess his liberal and understanding attitude toward nations, there would be no such slaughters as the world has seen. Concerning the French, whom so many of his countrymen hated, Goethe said, "How could I, to whom culture and barbarism are alone of importance hate a nation which is among the most cultivated on earth and to which I owe so great a part of my own culture. There is a stage where national hatred vanishes altogether, and where one stands, to a certain extent, above the nations, and feels the weal and woe of a neighboring people as if it were one's own? He had a sure cure for inefficiency and graft in government when he said, "No one save he who wholly renounces self is worthy to rule." Like Roosevelt, Goethe believed in the doctrine of work, for he said, "There is nothing more miserable than a comfortable man without work."

When on his deathbed, Goethe uttered the words so characteristic of the perpetual youth and aspiration of his life and spirit, "More Light!"

FRANK K. Z. RINGALO, '32

Not How Much, But How Well

The truth of our motto, "Not how much, but how well", has been proven time and again in past years in the lives of famous men, while everyday occurrences are continually bringing out the importance of this saying. How many times have we been told that quality, not quantity, counts, that it is better to do a small job well rather than a large job in a slovenly manner! Early in childhood, we are taught the necessity of performing a task well; in school, we are made to realize, by our teachers, that preference should be given to quality rather than to amount in all things we undertake; while in later years, when we have taken our places in the world, when the school of experience finishes the teachings we received in our early and school life, all doubt, if there is any still remaining in our minds, as to the value of its meaning, is lost.

Our motto is illustrated by the story of a small boy, who had put his hand into a pitcher containing figs and filberts. He took as many as his fist could hold, but when he endeavored to pull it out again, the narrowness of the neck prevented him. Unwilling to lose any of them but unable to draw out his hand, he burst into tears, and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow who stood by gave him this wise advice: "Grasp only half the quantity, my boy, and you will easily succeed."

Numerous common examples, seen about us continuously, furnish proof as to the worth of our motto. In construction, attempts to accomplish a great deal hurriedly results in poor work, rebuilding of the project, loss of time, and loss of money. This is true in the building of

houses, bridges, roads, in fact, any form of construction work. Especially outstanding is the case of houses, as in this town many such structures built many years ago are still standing because of the remarkable workmanship put into them. In agriculture, a small farm well kept yields more than a large farm, not given sufficient attention.

Let us see how the practice of our motto influenced the life of one of the greatest Americans, Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln, as we all know, had very little opportunity for reading in his early life, but made it a practice to study thoroughly the material he did chance to secure. Later in his life, when he was engaged in a series of debates with Stephen A. Douglas, his rival for the senatorship of Illinois, this principle, kindled in childhood, proved of great value to him. As these debates were to be on questions regarding the Constitution, Lincoln, in preparation, studied this document, together with the laws of the land, until he clearly understood every phrase in them. Douglas let his preparation cover a wide range of reading, with no thorough work on one thing; as a result he was decidedly defeated in the debates by Lincoln.

In general, if success is desired in any work, whether manual or mental, more attention must be given to the quality of the work produced than to the quantity. Therefore, let us remember in pursuing any undertaking that the value of the work is judged by "Not how much, but how well."

ARTHUR B. BASTIAN, '32

The Story Of The River

"A Rill from the Town Pump", selected from Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales", tells of the experiences which the old town pump has, the service it renders, and its value to the townspeople. In what greater proportion would the effect of a broad river, flowing through the heart of a small town, have upon the lives of the townspeople!

This stream is broad and deep, and is fed by hundreds of little streams, small and unimportant in themselves, but which together form a work of beauty and of power. It flows beneath large trees which spread their branches over the water and darken its smooth surface. There are no great falls in the river's course. It does not grow into a roaring cataract of stupendous strength and beauty, nor attract the passers-by to its swift and treacherous course. Quietly and gently, moving through the sunlight and the shade, which play upon its quiet waters like the fingers of God, the river flows to the sea.

Passers-by stop at its banks and spend a quiet hour or two gazing upon the beautiful simplicity of the stream. They stoop and drink of its cool refreshing liquid, and they return again and again.

But the villagers know the stream's cool depths, and go on their daily paths with the knowledge that as surely as the sun rises in the heavens at morning, the river will flow gently on. Little children bathe in the shallow water and play on the bank. Older boys dare its depths and swift, sure current, and their weary elders, resting beneath the trees which border its banks, drink of the river's peace.

And the disheartened ones, both young and old, who come to the bank of the river, never go away unrefreshed. All the number who have come, ready to cease struggling, disillusioned, weary, find their heart-beats quickened by the river's ripple. As they walk away, their heads are higher, their steps are lighter, and the light on their faces is borrowed from the sunshine.

The children of the village grow up and wander far from the small site of their birth. Some become famous and drink rich heady wine, tantalizing to the taste. But on the day that one of these famous children of the village returns to his old home, he wanders down the familiar, worn paths to where, in the cool of the evening, the stream flows tranquil and quiet, lapping on the beach. And then he says in his heart, "Oh, how lucky are the children of the village, who grow up on the banks of this beautiful stream. If only I were able to live always at the river's banks, to quench my thirst and soothe my soul here, as when I was a child. Nowhere in the world is there a stream equal to this."

And as he stands dreaming there, the peace of the river creeps into his heart and homely thoughts dwell in his mind, and he is close to God.

And so, through the seasons, through the years, the stream flows gently through the heart of the little town. Quiet through the winter months under its layer of ice, rising triumphantly with the breaking up of the cakes in the spring, and winding slowly around the bends in the summer shade, until in autumn the colored leaves drift down upon its bosom.

The children of the village grow up under its loving tutelage, and the river sees their children come down to its banks. The elders who have seen the river increase in strength, their children, who have listened to the river's song their whole life long, and their children's children, who learn to revere the stream for its strength, its purity, and its peace.

And now the river nears the sea, and like a person who through the years has performed an illimitable service to mankind, influencing all by lofty idealism, humane kindness, and life-giving strength, the river deepens, becomes broader, calmer, beautiful to behold, carrying with it the love and dreams and hopes of all those loving ones who at its bank look out toward the sea.

DORCAS CURLEY, '32

The Future Of a New Science

Living, as we are, in a world and an age of science, it is not remarkable that we are confronted every now and then with the advent of a new science, or new branch of science. During the last decade we have heard much about psychology, a science which deals with the study of the human mind. It has been rather reluctantly accepted, possibly because of its history.

Psychology used to be associated with philosophy and its adherents, the philosophers, who really did nothing but dream about it and formulate more or less unfounded hypotheses. That this new science had such

a foundation is not strange; for chemistry had its beginnings in the laboratories of the alchemists, those venerable philosophers who were searching for the elixir of life. The real science of psychology did not assume its true form until Sigmund Freud announced to the world his discoveries and his renowned theory of psycho-analysis. It was Freud who demonstrated that the scientific method of analysis and deduction applied to this subject, and thus it was Freud who did much toward the founding of a new science.

Without exception, sciences are valuable only because they help in some way, directly or indirectly, to lighten the burden of living. And psychology can take its rightful place among the sciences when it, too, fulfills some part of this common purpose. What, then, can we expect of psychology? How can it apply to our daily life, to our industrial life, to our national life? These questions are being answered every day, so often are new applications of psychology discovered.

One of these fields of application is education. According to many of our leading educational psychologists, certain parts and methods of our present educational system are fast growing to be out of date and must be replaced by new ones. For example, at present children are allowed to attend school when they have reached a certain definite age, usually five and a half years. But, our psychologists point out, a child may be chronologically five and a half years old, and yet have a mental age of only four years. Statistics bear out this contention, when they prove that almost two-thirds of all the failures in school occur in the first grade. So, say our psychologists, a child's mental age, and not his chronological age, must be considered before admitting him to school.

In schools for higher learning we find even a greater prevalance of psychological methods, and a greater demand for them. By the use of intelligence and scholastic aptitude tests (even though such tests still are, perhaps, in the experimental stage), the psychologist is able to weed out those aspirants for college who really cannot hope to complete a college course, and thus prevent both disappointments, failures, and consequences even more drastic.

In industry, psychology has found its place in helping to fit the position to the individual. It aids in creating a spirit of co-operation between employer and employee, and by the use of subtle principles, stimulates in the worker an interest for his work. Again, by the use of tests, it places many men, who seemingly have no ability at all, by finding one occupation which they really can hold satisfactorily. Thus psychology accomplishes much for industry in securing better conditions both for the worker and for the employer.

In the field of justice, in the realm of courts and criminals, psychology has the prospects of an active future. Slowly but surely this new science is shattering the ancient conceptions of good and bad, and disclosing new facts about the value of punishment. The psychologist eagerly looks forward to the day when the sentence shall be decided upon by a State Board of Justice, composed of expert psychologists and penologists. Dr. Karl Menninger, in his book "The Human Mind", ventures an optimistic prediction when he says:

"Ultimately there will be no important administrative distinction between "asylums" and "jails". Both will have lost those atrocious names. Both will be institutions under state jurisdiction and under expert medical direction for the care of individuals committed to them by the State because of behaviour ineptitudes, failures, and incapacities.

"A sentence will be as unthinkable for a murderer as it is now for a melancholiac. Unkindness will be as taboo for a felon as it is now for a woman in delirium. Release before complete recovery will be as irregular and improper for a thief as it is now for a paretic or leper."

We may hope that some day this prediction will become an actuality; when it does we shall at last really see an end of crime.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, this new science is creeping into our daily lives. Gradually it is overthrowing outworn and reactionary principles in education, industry, and in courts. Like any new idea, we do not grasp it any too willingly, but we shall accept it inevitably and completely. Its benefits are evident, they certainly have not all been disclosed as yet; surely we can expect great things of psychology in the future.

Valedictory

PARENTS AND FRIENDS:

We, the Class of 1932, at this time express our heartfelt appreciation of your encouragement and interest in our activities and our efforts throughout our high school course. We hope that the rest of our lives will prove to you the gratitude we feel tonight.

DEAR PRINCIPAL AND TEACHERS:

As we approach the end of the fourth year of pleasant companionship and understanding guidance which you have given us, we can but in a small way voice the deep debt of gratitude which we feel is justly due. It is with regret that we bid you farewell, but with the assurance that we shall endeavor, to the best of our ability, to follow the pathway of learning that you have opened before us.

SCHOOLMATES:

Tonight we see the end of our happy years of comradeship. As we leave you to fill our places and carry on our tasks and ideals, we extend to you a hope for success in all that you undertake in the future.

CLASSMATES:

For four years we have worked and played together in Johnson High. We have grown to have for each other a mutual affection and respect which nothing can ever quite replace. When we have gone our separate ways, we shall often look fondly back and remember the class of 1932, with its inspiring motto,

"Non quantum, sed quam bene."

The Class of 1932 bids you all farewell.

ROBERT M. GAGNE, '32

Class Prophecy

The telephone buzzed. Putting down a sheaf of papers and nodding to my secretary, Anna Phelan, to leave the room, I picked up the receiver.

"Curley's Detective Agency," I said in a gruff, businesslike voice. A low indistinguishable mutter which grew into a snarling roar issued from the receiver. I caught the tail end of an imperious command, with promises of revenge, and after the tumult had subsided, I said irritatingly, "Again, please?"

"Robbery," the irate person at the other end of the wire shouted.

"Who is this speaking?" I interrupted, trying to suppress a laugh.

"This is Mills Gagne, the Pip-Pop King of Drinks, and when I catch the man who robbed me—!"

I finally gathered that the King of Iced Drinks had been robbed during a week-end party at his summer home on Long Island, and that he had naturally called the biggest detective agency in the country. I called the chief of police, Joe Lane, and we started for Long Island immediately.

Five minutes after we left the city, a commotion in the rumble seat called our attention to the New York Times Star Reporter, Charlie Trombly, who had joined us on his day off. We stopped for refreshment at a hot-dog stand in Connecticut, which sported a huge sign reading, "Only the finest glass used in our dogs—Danny Balavich, Proprietor."

Our car, one of the new Torpedoes, invented by Frank Ringalo and Arnold Rattcliffe, partners, through which they had enjoyed a more phenomenal success than had Henry Ford with his peculiar Lizzies twenty years ago, carried us at the rate of 120 miles an hour along the road. We slowed up our pace somewhat when a grim-vizored officer-of-the-law drove up behind us, still using one of Henry Ford's old Lizzies. However, it was only Foster Currier, and we continued on our way.

We were stopped in Bridgeport by a large, red-faced traffic cop, who told us that we had only five lights. It was George Busby, and he offered to treat us at the corner drug store, run by his brother Phil. We were waited on by that demure miss, Lottie Maselunas, who with her chums, Mary Cunio and Ruthie Lee, was jerking sodas.

We rolled into the drive of the Pip-Pop King behind a large purple car from which Miss Francoise Auger, district attorney, stepped. At her side was faithful Fanny Koroskys, carrying a brief case. A blustering individual, who turned out to be Hughie McClung, county sheriff, stopped us at the door, and after learning our identities, ordered John McEvoy, the King's butler, to take our coats. A deafening babble, which ceased as we entered, issued from the front rooms of the house.

"No one is to leave the grounds," I snapped, as an insignificant gentleman who later turned out to be Allan Morse, attempted to crawl out the window. Preparing to take names, I placed the guests in line, and first asked the name of a pompous gentleman with whiskers.

"Arthur Bastian," chirped this worthy.

"Oh, the leading dermatologist," I asked, "famed for beautifying the skins of American women?"

"The same," answered my former classmate.

My question as to whether or not he still advised yeast cakes was disregarded. So I went down the line. A few of those present were: Charlotte Auger, leader of the working woman's movement against cooking in the home, Robert Richardson, private tutor in Greek, Elizabeth Murphy, the bridge expert, David Roach, the trilling tenor, Alfred Bousch, beloved by the children of America for his bed-time stories, Miriam Williams, secretary to the King, Myrtha Frederick, who had run up the profits of the Metropolitan Opera Company to such an extent that shares were being bought, and Drury Connor, just a family man.

Supper had just been served, and I found Gertrude Stewart who had charge of the column for the Love-Lorn in the Times, and Robert Williams, wealthy perennial bachelor, devouring olives in friendly fashion.

And now I learned the nature of the robbery. No one seemed to know what had happened to the King's cat, which had disappeared during the course of the evening. This cat was infinitely precious to the King, since it had been given to him by his old friend, Fred Clarenbach. (Fred, by the way, raised the finest mousers on Long Island.) Lucy's attendant, Anthony Burtulia (the cat's name was Lucy) and the King's housekeeper, Joan Russell, with a corp of servants had searched high and low. The King's private iceman, Leo Boulanger, the electrician, Kenneth Fenton, Lucy's nurse, Ruth Covell, the King's chauffeur, Lawrence Small; in fact everyone on the place had been questioned, but all in vain. Lucy was not to be found.

The trio for the evening, Gertrude Callahan, violin, Alice May, the fife, and Helen Kelley, big bass drum, was detained and questioned. Three neighbors were called in; James Cunningham, oil magnate, with his guest Bernard Bawthrop, U. S. Ambassador to Turkey, Alice Feather, the beautiful ballet dancer, Virginia Foster, stage idol of Broadway, and Anna Collins, social worker, famed for providing all the Russians on Jersey Heights with tooth-picks, but they had seen nothing of Lucy.

The party had just come upstairs from the King's private boxing ring, after a bout between "Slap'em Silly" Spofford and "High-Hitting" Hill, to find the cat gone. I was in a quandary, when out of the corner of my eye I saw a tall, lanky figure slip from behind a drapery and enter the hall.

"Stop, thief," I shouted, but it was only Cyril Knowles, trying to conceal his feet.

Now I lined up the suspects. Small, the King's chauffeur who had a guilty look in his eye, Gertrude Callahan, whose violin bulged, and Sam Tetler, master of ceremonies, who kept looking in dark corners. However, the furtive look in Small's eye had been caused by the punch, Miss Callahan's violin bulged because it had been caught in the rain, and Sam Tetler confessed that he had lost a collar-button. The King's chefs, Sadie Kazilunas and Eleanor Perley, were brought before me, but they had seen nothing of Lucy.

At this point I wired to the city for the finger-print expert, Avis

Harris, to see if headway might be gained. She brought with her Ruth Buchan, the famous veterinary, in case the cat had got into trouble.

Morning and the milk-man, Paul Covell, appeared, but still no sign of Lucy. The Pip-Pop King had already ordered a stone for Lucy from the George Brightman Sympathetic Service Company, when I had an idea.

"Have you got a mousetrap?" I asked the King.

"Only one, in the attic," he tearfully replied, "we don't need them. Poor dear Lucy was such a wonderful mouser."

I rushed to the attic with the entire company behind me, and there was Lucy, the famous mouser, caught in a mouse-trap! Bidding the company a fond farewell, I left in a highly-satisfied frame of mind. The master-mind had clicked again!

DORCAS CURLEY

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1932

We, the class of 1932, being not as yet in the extremely contiguous proximity of the condition of dementia, and, in fact, firmly and naturally believing that we have now attained a higher degree of intelligence, and acquired a weightier store of all conceivable knowledge than can possibly be surpassed, by ourselves or any others, do hereby, with our utmost magnanimity, bequeath the following to our anticipatory beneficiaries:

The aforementioned Senior Class leave to the faculty their best wishes for health and happiness; and, conventionally, to the Junior Class their dilapidated and capacious boots, which they think the Juniors can never quite fill.

The Physics class leave to their successors a set of cute little blue books which they hope will be enjoyed as thoroughly as they enjoyed them.

Charlotte Auger leaves her brand new ticket on the brand new Boxford bus to any deserving Junior from her home town. She generouslv consented to make this offer because there are no juniors from Boxford.

Virginia Foster leaves a little of her passive and submissive nature to Dot Wedge, with compliments.

George Busby doth bequeath his jar of Slikum to Arthur Darveau, who has enough hair to permanently stimulate the Slikum industry.

George Brightman leaves his collection of cartoons and his seat of honor in the History class to John Michelovich.

Charlie Trombly leaves his booming bass voice to Ronald Foley.

Alice May bequeaths to Margaret Stott the boy friend who rides her up to school every day.

Alice Feather wills to Elise Clea her ability to keep very still without attention—quite a usual gift.

Dave Roche leaves to Robert Donlon the little curl at the end of the front lock of his hair.

Gertie Callahan, having decided to join the Follies, leaves her violin to Alice Roy, who will have an endless amount of fun trying to tuck it under her chin.



THE CLASS OF 1932

Gertrude Stewart leaves to Margaret Sheridan her dislike for cameras.

Danny Balavich leaves his melodious contralto voice to Ben Riley, and to Lauritsen Allen, his book, "The Art of Whispering" which he says is no good at all.

Anna Phelan wills a little of her innocence (real or assumed), to Jean Barker, who really doesn't need it.

Bo Boulanger leaves ot his brother his heavy beard and "sideboards", with an admonition to keep up the good work.

John Hill leaves his infallible precision and his bright red trousers to Bill Shellnut.

Bernard Fawthrop leaves his trusty and rusty shotgun to Hollis Nussbaum.

John McEvoy bequeaths to Ray Lavin his list of excuses for not doing his homework.

Paul Covell wills to George Robertson his reputation, and all the responsibilities and privileges that go with it.

Arthur Bastian, alias Ronald Colman, leaves his pamphlet "Yeast—Its Cause, Remedy, and Cure", by Rudy Vallee, to Vince Costello, with the advice that it is not to be taken seriously. Buddy should know.

Miriam Williams leaves her place at the piano and at the typewriter to anyone with "crazy fingers".

Anthony Buturlia leaves his fingernail file, which he doesn't need, and his interest in South Lawrence, to William Maker.

Sadie Kazilunas wills to Ruth Morton her instructions on "How to Study History on Moonlit Nights".

Robert Richardson leaves his toy airplane to Frank Stevenson, and his long middle finger to Alex Pickles.

Anna Collins leaves the boy friend to some blonde in the Junior Class.

Ruth Lee bequeaths her soft, cooling voice to Lillian Mort.

Lawrence Small, after much deliberation, decided to leave his knickers to Ted McRobbie.

Robert Gagne wills his history notebook to Dint Reilly, his inviolable integrity to Leon Diamont, his modesty to Norman Roberts, the junk in his desk to Ed Adams, his collection of phonograph needles to Charles Donlon, and a dime found in the pockets of his old trousers to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Joan Russel leaves to Elizabeth Cole three of her lollypops.

Myrtha Frederick bequeaths to Capitola Mulligan her most treasured possession, a copious tome bearing the title "Stateliness and Poise"; also a few of her extra inches to Ruth Wormald.

Frank Ringalo leaves his superior standing in all the classes to Peter Sluskonis.

Fannie Koroskys reluctantly leaves her Ford Victoria with new tires and last year's number plates to Mildred Jackson. On second thought she is going to leave just the number plates.

Dorcas Curley wills her cozy corner of the lunch counter to any high pressure saleswoman who can increase sales by more than twenty percent.

Phil Busby leaves to Frank Nicholson his instruction book, "How to Make Funny Noises on the Saxophone".

Red Cunningham bequeaths to Albert Greenwood his remarkable ability of going to sleep and waking up at just the right time.

Alfred Boush leaves his Bible to Charles Marchese, and his hair clippers to Elmore Tacy.

Eleanor Perley wills a lock of her hair to the Communist Party.

Hughie McLung leaves one cent to Morris Cohen.

Dick Spofford leaves a slightly used wad of chewing gum to John Costello.

Alan Morse leaves his heart (in fact he left it long ago) to the sophomore.

Libby Murphy leaves her big blue-eyed stare to her sister. It's an heirloom and she doesn't want it to get out of the family.

Francoise Auger leaves a few pounds to Loretta Parah. Fanny wants to reduce and she's sure Loretta won't even notice an extra ten pounds or so.

Ruth Buchan, with quite unparalleled magnanimity, leaves a stray nickel to the fund for stray dogs.

Arnie Ratcliffe, having decided to visit Russia, bequeaths his razor and his haircut to Paul Lanni, and also his own book, "Questions Which Teachers Can't Answer".

Avis Harris wills her fiery temper, which she has never used, to Priscilla Day, with a caution to use it judiciously.

Mary Cunio leaves to Irene Barron her somewhat overworked genius for finding answers to History questions.

Joe Lane leaves his fishing pole and reel to George Holdsworth.

Sam Tetler leaves "Practical Problems in Physics" to Miss Chapman.

Kenneth Fenton leaves to Tommy Clark his explanation of how to slide out of sight at just the right moment.

Cy Knowles says anybody who wants the school can have it after he gets out; and leaves his corncob pipe to Mr. Callahan.

Lottie Maselunas leaves her sweet smile to Beatrice Goff.

Foster Currier leaves to Joe Flynn his Ford-body Packard, with four tires (flat).

Fred Clarenbach leaves his Physics notebook to science for observation, and his History notebook to the Museum of Unnatural History.

Drury Connor leaves his monopoly of the girls in the Latin Class to John Phelan, expressing the hope that John will not lose his opportunity by failing to take Latin next year.

Robert Williams leaves some of his favorite food—two slightly used but unopened packages of Necco Wafers—to be divided evenly between the members of the Junior Class.

Having thus acquit ourselves of these burdensome articles, we, the Class of 1932, hereto affix our seal and signature, this sixteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

Signed: ROBERT M. GAGNE

Witnesses:

LUCY K. HATCH
CLARA A. CHAPMAN

Before me, a Certified Public Approbator:
WILLIAM P. CALLAHAN

Class Song

The sun will set on Johnson High
For many years to come;
Just as our hearts will turn to her
When each day's work is done.

Will turn with joy in memory
And yet with sweet regret,
To think of all the joyous times
That linger with us yet.

Just as a weary traveller
Oft dreams of hearth and home,
Old Johnson High lives on and on
In hearts of those who roam.

—Dorcas Curley,
Class of 1932.

[redacted]

The annual banquet given by the juniors to the seniors was held Thursday evening, June 16. After the supper, President John Phelan, of the Junior Class, introduced the principal speakers, Robert Gagne and Dorcas Curley, who delivered the Class Will and Class Prophecy. Following this came a very funny and enjoyable play entitled "The Boob", with a cast including Morris Cohen, Alfred Houston, John Michalovich, Marjorie Gill, and George Robertson. Dancing was enjoyed until 11 o'clock.

An enjoyable concert was given by the Johnson High School Orchestra and Girls' Glee Club on May 26, and was well attended by friends of the members of these two organizations. The program follows:

Our National Honor — *Brooks*
Orchestra

Sparkling Eyes — Mazurka — *Berto*
Orchestra

Fairyland Waltz — *Veazie*
Girls' Glee Club

Dance of the Goblins [redacted]

[redacted]

Girls' Glee Club

Serenade from Les Millions d'Arlequin — *R. Drigo*
George W. Busby, Jr.

The Trumpeter — Polka Brilliante — *Engelmann*
Orchestra

Celebrated Minuet from First Symphony — *Valensin*
Orchestra

Valse Vanite — *Rudy Weidoeft*
Robert M. Gagne

Ole Uncle Moon — *Scott*
Girls' Glee Club

Marche Militaire No. 1 — *Schubert*
Orchestra

Dance of the Crickets — *Seredy*
Orchestra

The Song of the Mill-Stream — *Adams*
Girls' Glee Club

In conjunction with other school pupils of the state, the students of Johnson High contributed to a Massachusetts School Children's Memo-

[redacted] Journal Staff has been elected for next year.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	John J. Phelan, Jr.
Assistant Editor	Peter Sluskonis
News Editor	Leon A. J. Diamont
Humor Editor	Charles J. Donlan
Sports Editors	Jean Barker, Lewis Sanderson
Exchange Editor	Marguerite Phelan
Alumni Editor	Eleanor A. Fitzgerald
Art Editor	Claire Lebel

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager	John Michalovich
Advertising Manager	Morris Cohen
Circulation Manager	William Graham

On May 18, Johnson High School enjoyed a concert given by some of the grammar school pupils of the eighth grade. They are all promising future players for Johnson High orchestra.

[redacted]

The Fatal Bone

Mr. Hollis closed his envelope and deposited it with a sigh of satisfaction. Swinging his mail bag over his shoulder he started out on his route. By chance he had noticed that advertisement and had applied immediately. What he needed was an extra occupation to busy him in his leisure time. And why shouldn't he offer himself as a suitable applicant to Parker and Son, kennel owners? He had as much experience in dog training as anyone. Hadn't he taught old Mr. Myer's dog to act gallantly for strangers. But he was dead now, poor fellow.

The postman approached a side street and turned up it. He thought with pride that here he had been most successful. Tam, the young collie owned by Mrs. Brainerd, had indeed responded to his attempts to teach him. For a year now he had trotted gayly out to meet him and had taken the letters to his mistress.

But today Mr. Hollis did not see him immediately. He had reached the lawn before he saw the collie's lithe body stretched on the grass. Mr. Hollis spoke to him but Tam was occupied. He lay zealously guarding a bone. His paws outstretched over it, he looked steadily at the post-

Gerald nodded. He glanced nervously into his book of poems to find consolation.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,—"

Shuddering, Gerald quickly snapped the book shut. Moistening his thin lips he tremulously asked, "W-when do I begin?"

The uncouth chauffeur now answered, "You're gonna start now, mug, and be sure you make it sweet. You know, something like

Oh Arabella, youse is de most bee-ootiful goil
which ever—which ever—er—

Well, you know what I mean anyway."

Gerald was visibly shocked at this person's boorishness. He gave a final glance at the antiquated burial place with its crumbling tombstones beneath the gray elms, with its almost forgotten mounds half hidden in the bosky shades of the scrubby woods, and began

"I see thee, Arabella, thou beautiful modest maid—"

After much censure and many useless suggestions the trio accepted the poem which consisted of eighty-nine stanzas. Persuasion and threats could not move Gerald to write more. Eighty-nine stanzas were enough to exhaust Gerald's reserve of synonyms for the word "beauty".

For two months after this momentous incident the editors of the local journals were surprised to receive poems of a most depressing and pessimistic nature. Gerald did not dare to venture forth on his daily strolls any longer but armed himself with a telescope and enjoyed nature at a safe distance from his attic window. Needless to say, Jake and Arabella were wedded. The ceremony was attended by the mayor and the late graduates of the Gangster University of America. But little did the bride realize how much worry and sorrow she had caused poor Gerald Pinkerton, the poet.

P. B. F. Sluskonis, '33

Campfire Personalities

The sun had just sunk from sight behind tall, hovering fir trees and the fitful evening breeze caused the flickering of flames of a tiny campfire built in a clearing of the woods. Around this campfire were three men apparently members of the great army of ne'er-do-wells. The supper was meager in the extreme but it was being most carefully watched over by one who appeared to be the eldest of the group.

"Well, boys, seems good to see you all again. What say we join up this time and go a threesome on the way? Have some grub, boys? It's about ready."

"Uh huh! We gotta all go light tonight, the lard is low," drawled the large, rough looking specimen whose soft voice somehow belied his looks.

"You can have all o' my share," offered the third individual, a thin, tired fellow who, though evidently a tramp, somehow looked precise and

neat in his humble clothing. Then in answer to the newcomer's suggestion slowly said, "You know our code has been to know a little of the other fellow's story—not to be nosey—just a few facts to set us all aright —how 'bout it, newcomer? My name's Harold," and he smiled a bit wanly, "but Roughneck here, hasn't got any name, unless he plumb forgot it.'"

The so-called "Newcomer" whose grisly countenance somehow showed beneath it a more genteel appearance—evidently did not resent the inquiry but said jokingly, "Let's all tell what brought us to this in as few words as possible. Just enough as'll make things clear. As for me—this!

"Stock market—buying on margin—over confidence—lost my money —lost wife's money—friend's money—mad dash—close shave—new beard and rigout—inconspicuous places—thirty years, you—you—and me. Beans and bacon. Evening shadows—now it's your turn."

Roughneck's mouth was very full and as it had served as a means of transportation for most of the food on hand, he was feeling in a most obliging mood and so he entered into the game of "short and to the point". "Not much learnin'—not much ambition—not much luck—bad company, but not really bad habits. Dark night—pal mixed up in safe robbery—tried to warn him—pal escaped—me caught—no alibi—behind bars ten years—out with prison stamped all over me—no friends—still no ambition. Open road—later Bill here." Here his husky tones softened and he looked with sort of a tenderness at the frail figure beside him.

"Well," said Bill christened Harold, "mine's not so full of adventure —just hard luck—war—years spent in France—shellshock—trenches—home at last—wife and child dead: Oh!—Oh!—" his voice broke and he groaned with the agony of recollection. "No more boys—curtains rung down."

And even as he said this the last glimmer of light faded in the west and I reached the end of another day in the lives of three men, or, shall we say, "the three knights of the open road."

Doris Lebel, '35

A Ten-Minute Analysis

Between the first and second acts of the premier of a new play which I was covering for the theatre review in the "Times", I stood in the lobby enjoying a smoke. I thought over the plot of the play thus far, and decided that, although the play was of rather a serious vein, not easily understood without deep concentration, it was due for a fairly successful run. Suddenly, I became aware of a loud discussion going on at my elbow, as it were.

Casually, I glanced across at a mirror opposite me and studied the picture reflected therein. The group next to me consisted of three men, all appearing to be from twenty to twenty-five years of age. One of them was noticeably tall. He had large ears, a wide mouth, dull-looking eyes, a long neck, and unkempt, black hair. As I scrutinized him, I realized

he was speaking. "—thought we wuz gonna see somethin' wonnerful in a real city thee-a-ter like this un! Land sakes! Thet show ain't no good 'tall! I'd ruther go to our own 'Star' back home!"

Humm! This was interesting. Evidently the shrewd critic was dissatisfied with the performance. Next, one of his companions voiced an opinion.

"Naw, it's a crazy play! Gosh a'mighty! Them people on the stage don't even talk United States! Common folks like us cain't understand helf o' their high-falutin' talk. But they sure wear nifty cloes in this here place, don't they, fellers? Cracky! Wouldn't the women folks ter home like some o' them dresses 'thout no backs in 'em, eh?"

This individual was a stocky, short person, plainly dressed in his Sunday-best, as were his companions. His face was round, and exceedingly ruddy; some of this ruddiness was probably due to the pressure of the high stiff collar which he wore. In his hand he held a square, felt hat, and under his arm was a newspaper bundle, holding, I surmised, clothing calculated to suffice for a short visit in the city. I glanced at the other two, and saw that they held similar packages.

The third member of this interesting group was also plainly a "Hill-Billy". He was of about average size, and dressed similarly to his companions. The one most obvious feature about him was his long slender fingers, which he cracked nervously as the others talked. These organs suggested skill with a fiddle and bow. He was evidently a quiet type, as he contributed little to the lusty comment of the play.

Suddenly my scrutiny of these queer folk was interrupted by the call-boy's, "Overture! Overture! Second act overture!"

I returned to my seat along with the rest of the hurrying first-night audience. As I looked upon the company about me, I could not help comparing them with the shrewd commenters I have described. The ladies were clad in silks, furs, and expensive jewelry, the men, dressed in evening clothes. I smiled in unconscious sympathy for the uncomfortable, inevitable embarrassment of those three country gentlemen among such splendor. I knew they could not possibly enjoy the stage-drama. It was one of those plays which are designed to entertain people of culture.

At this point in my reverie, the curtain arose, and I gave myself over to enjoyment of the play.

ELLEN RILEY, '34

Cure For Spring Fever

Each springtime, along in the middle of April or the first of May, every dyed-in-the-wool fisherman just naturally has a bad case of spring fever; not the ordinary spring fever, but an irresistible desire to get out the old rod and go fishing. One cannot resist this urge, and any attempt to do so results in sleepless nights and sleepy days; until at last, the poor fisherman, driven to despair, and haunted by the grim ghost of Isaac Walton, is forced to dig up a mess of worms and try his luck in the lazy stream that runs down by the old mill.

So it happened to me, as it happens every year; the grass was sprouting, birds were singing in the budding trees, and the brooks were calling from the green meadows. I tried to study, but it was useless; forms of huge pink-sided trout flitted across my mind, and the teachers began to wonder if I was doing any work at all. I just had to dig up some worms and go fishing.

It was a cold, damp day, but my spirits were far from damp as I approached my favorite pond, which lay nestled among the alders and willows of the green meadow. It was a real spot of beauty, even on such a dull day. Fresh young shoots of green grass were springing up everywhere, the willows were bursting into leafy beauty, and the soft gray clouds hung like a long low roof over the quiet valley, closing it in from the peering eyes of the world. I had visions of fat trout awaiting my bait in the watery folds of the deep pools, visions of returning home with a full creel, but after splashing about in the high muddy water for a few hours my mind came back to reality. I hadn't had a bite, but still there was hope.

After wading quietly out to a favorite pool, I baited my hook with the old standby, a garden hackle, and made my cast. Slowly I drew in the line, a few inches at a time; and made another cast out into the sluggish current. With a splash and a savage rush, a fine fat brookie seized the bait, and in a frenzied spirit darted for a submerged stump. Frantically I tried to check him by bringing more and more pressure on the flimsy rod. Snap! My rod was broken. Thinking quickly, I grabbed the line below the broken tip and started for shore in a mad dash, dragging behind me, my flopping trout in a most unsportsmanlike manner. Misfortune again; my foot struck an unseen log and I felt myself falling. Taking one last desperate chance, I gave the line and fish one mighty heave toward shore and landed myself in the icy pond. Dripping with water and covered with mud, I stumbled ashore and began the search for my fish. There he was, flopping about in the branches of a small willow, with the hook still fast in his mouth and the line wrapped about his silvery sides. In an instant my beauty was in the folds of my net, his speckled body still resisting capture, but it was too late now.

Carefully I stowed this prize in my creel, and picking up my broken rod, started for home, cured of my spring fever for another year.

GEORGE W. BUSBY, JR., '32

The Newsboy's Honor

A few years ago at Christmas time, while James Harrison, a well-to-do business man, was pacing the city street, he saw a tiny boy, half a cap, one good shoe, patches to keep the wind out—and how keenly that wind was blowing. He was a newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs, a square face and an honest brow and eyes that hadn't forgotten how to smile, a newsboy, vending his last sheets with great persistence, now and then stopping to rub his stiff hands, then trudging bravely onward again. As James Harrison gazed at him, he saw the urchin look wistfully at a nearby fruit store. Very appetizing to be sure, were fruits, vegetables, and confections, to a boy who had had nothing to eat for a whole day.

bother to count them. I'll take them all."

The lad turned to James and thanked him with a broad smile.

As Mr. Harrison fumbled for the right change, he said to the boy, "You're quite a little lad to walk the streets like this. How old are you?"

"I'll be ten on Christmas day, sir."

"Your name?"

"Rob Stevens, sir."

"Here lad, I haven't the right change, take this and bring the 'left-over' to my office. You thought the fruiter's window rather attractive, didn't you, or maybe you were a little mite hungry, hey?"

"A little, sir. I didn't get any money last night so my brother and I couldn't have any breakfast."

With a sigh, the man wended his way to his office, sat down at his desk and was soon so absorbed in his work that this incident was almost forgotten when suddenly his eyes fell upon the recently-purchased pile of papers.

"Why, the boy—the change! Oh, I was a fool to trust him, but still he looked honest. He would have been doubly paid had he returned the money. Just like the rest—dishonest. Oh well!" and with this the incident left Harrison's mind.

An urchin, barely seven years of age, but with the same features as the little newsboy, entered.

"Sir, my brother Rob—the one you gave the money to change—he was in an accident. An auto ran right over his back. He didn't mean to keep the money, sir. He never stole a penny in his life. They took him to the hospital. When I got there his hand was clenched and he told me to take the money and get it changed, then to bring it to you. But no money was there, it must have dropped when he was hit. All he has is this jacket, could you take it? Soon's he's better he'll earn the money."

"My boy, keep the jacket. Did you say he is in the hospital—go hail a cab. Why, I'd give a thousand coats for such a boy as he!"

In no time they were in the quiet hospital room gazing down at an honest smiling face.

The nurse, stroking his golden hair, said, "The boy is dead."

"Dead!" echoed Harrison, "how fair and life-like he looked with that stream of sunshine on his hair. Well, he'll have no need of change and jackets in heaven."

James Harrison's voice was rather husky as he said this and he turned away, leaving a tear on the lad's cheek.

AGNES LANG, '33

Two trophies now adorn the assembly hall of Johnson High. Both come from the Lowell Suburban League. The girls have won theirs by defeating Chelmsford. It is a statue of a girl posed with a basketball and bearing this inscription on the base:

LOWELL
SUBURBAN LEAGUE
1932
WON BY
JOHNSON HIGH

The boys have won theirs by defeating all their opponents in the league.

The boys' basketball team were given silver basketball pins, as a gift from Mr. Knowles, Captain Cyril Knowles's father. They have engraved on them "31 J 32".

The boys who received them are: Cyril Knowles, Captain; Arthur Bastian, Louis Sanderson, Fred McRobbie, Leonard Slicer, Ronald Foley, John McEvoy, Thomas Wood, Charles Donlan, Hugh McClung.

Johnson High School opened its present baseball season on May 4, when it defeated Brooks School, 16-5. The game was slightly one-sided. Trombly and Greenwood starred for Johnson, each getting three hits.

The next game, an exhibition game, was played with McIntosh Commercial School. The game was nip and tuck the complete nine innings, McIntosh getting the lower end of a three to two score. Roberts got three hits from Tommy Low's offerings.

The next game, Johnson won an overwhelming victory over Howe High of Billerica. Balavich twirled a one hit game.

The next game was with Punchard. For the first time in four years Johnson beat them 13-7. Dave Roberts, stellar shortstop, hit his first home run of the season.

On May 26, Johnson journeyed to Billerica and defeated Howe 5-2. Phelan starred on the offense for Johnson.

On the first day of June Johnson defeated Methuen in a twilight encounter at the Pelham playstead. Balavich, ace of our pitching staff, pitched a three-hit game, and received excellent support from the field.

Journeying to Wilmington, the Red and Black defeated them 8-3. Under the playing conditions the boys played exceedingly well.

On May 6, Johnson defeated the strong Manning nine in a very exciting contest, Manning receiving the lower end of a 5-4 score. Boulanger excelled at the stick for Johnson.

Two days later, Johnson went to Ipswich and defeated Manning again by the same score. Phelan and Slicer starred for Johnson.

By defeating Chelmsford on May 10, Johnson won the Lowell suburban title. It was the most interesting game of the season, the score at the end of the ninth inning was 2-2. Chelmsford failed to score in their half of the tenth inning, but in the last half, Phelan, the first batter, hit the first ball pitched for a circuit clout, giving Johnson the victory.

The team, under the leadership of Captain Arthur Bastian, is enjoying one of the best seasons ever held at this school.

Up to the time of writing the complete schedule is as follows:

Johnson	16	Brooks	5	Johnson	5	Methuen	1
Johnson	3	McIntosh	2	Johnson	8	Wilmington	3
Johnson	21	Wilmington	6	Johnson	5	Manning	4
Johnson	12	Billerica	0	Johnson	5	Manning	4
Johnson	13	Punchard	7	Johnson	3	Chelmsford	2
Johnson	9	Punchard	14				

The *Johnson Journal* readers are to have a treat in this issue of the paper, since the Editor has received a very interesting and instructive letter from an alumnus of the school. Richard Carl Pfeiffer, who graduated from Johnson High in 1927, and this year went to Missouri to attend the School of Osteopathy and Surgery in that state, has kindly consented to have a letter of his to the Alumni Editor published.

A Glimpse Of The "Show-Me" State

Missouri, the "Show-Me" state, is roughly 1500 miles from the East coast and at that distance one begins to realize very strongly that he is not exactly at home. Things in general do begin to assume an entirely different air. With an absolute ignorance of landmarks or state-line boundaries one has no difficulty in knowing for certain that he has arrived in Missouri if he just bears in mind the word "Mules". After the Massachusetts traveller has journeyed in a westerly direction a few days through miles and miles of cornfields and has crossed a river or two, when he finally reaches a country where mules are used instead of horses —that's Missouri!

If there is still any doubt as to whether or not the traveller has really reached the "Show-Me" state the whole matter can be readily cleared up by a comparatively simple test which can be applied on any rainy day. Let the person in doubt submerge his foot in a mud puddle for ten seconds and the resulting effects will decide the issue. If, on removal of the foot from the mud, approximately 2 1-2 pounds of mud adheres to the shoe the person is in Illinois; if the shoe remains in the mud upon withdrawal of the foot the person is in Iowa; if it is impossible to withdraw the foot at all the person may consider himself stuck—and in Missouri. Judging from the test just mentioned this mud is by no means

to be compared with the ordinary variety. It is made of sterner stuff and may be described as being infinitely more vicious, tenacious, and agressive. It sticks to one's shoes, clothing, and body. It is bold enough to permeate the paved roads, wherever the roads are paved, and in the right season it covers the automobiles with a brown coating from one quarter to one and one-half inches thick. All this happens without the slightest concern to the native sons and daughters.

The chief products of Northeastern Missouri are few and not especially famous outside of the state. They consist mainly of mules, hogs, coal, cattle, corn, and to take the natives' word for it, famous men. One would never be disappointed in the first five—that is only too easy to believe—about the last mentioned, well, there are some things one must just have to hear and believe. The farmers raise all of them, including the coal, and it is even more common to see a farmer come to town with a load of coal he has mined on his farm than it is to see a Massachusetts

[redacted]

picture in one's mind a parade of the most exaggerated type of Western moving picture cast, not the gay cowboy, but the more lowly "son of the soil" character. The vehicles used in the assembling—and, by the way, in this part of the country a vehicle is a "vee-hik-el"—would find no general classification. Battered and beaten, mud-stained, Model T Fords have the majority, with horse and mule drawn conveyances a close second.

The most prevalent ensemble for the men is an outfit of blue overalls, cowhide boots, a sheepskin coat, and a large five-gallon felt hat, either black or gray, set off by a heavy beard and all five containing a rather equal distribution of mud accumulated on the way in. In the winter the older farmers wear their hair in the "fore and aft" fashion. That is, a long beard in front and hair that goes inches below the shoulders in back. To all appearances the women who accompany them must do their shopping from obsolete issues of Sears, Roebuck catalogues. The farmers are really spectacular looking fellows and are a very healthy and husky looking lot of individuals. If they worry about things it is pretty well concealed in their hearty manner of greeting their friends and their enthusiastic conversation about politics, weather, and the prices of corn, hogs, cows, etc. For all their rough manners and dress it is easy to believe that these people furnished the pioneers for the West in the days gone by, in fact, it seems that even today considerable pioneering is still being done and right here.

After they have made their bargains, sales, and purchases, the rest of the time for the men is spent in getting in the weekly supply of chewing tobacco and gossip at the local shops while their wives do their own individual shopping. Some of the men who are more aesthetically inclined, and they seem to be many, visit one of the local five and ten cent stores and listen to the music which is supplied by the department that sells phonograph records. Sometimes, on rare occasions, they treat themselves to a visit to the "Family Theatre" where they are rewarded by an

exhibition of productions which were popular a half year back in some of the larger cities. To all appearances the town offers them no other form of amusement and this seems to be the manner in which their weeks are terminated year in and year out.

From all this the reader would hastily jump to the correct conclusion that the writer is not a real estate agent, and perhaps think that the West, or Middle West, was a terrible place to live in. On the contrary, at least in a great many respects, this part of the nation is quite charming even if not in landscape. The thing which is most impressive about the people of Missouri is their characteristic and genuine cordiality which is as lasting as it is genuine. They have a splendid manner of making friends and keeping them. To them any demonstration of the so-called Eastern formality is out of place and while it is tolerated, is considered odd. This lack of formality may lead to a controversy as to whether or not it is the better thing, but there are a great many Massachusetts people here who find its absence quite refreshing.

These are but a few of the impressions of a very unobserving and preoccupied mind and like most attempts at description only half of the story. The other half of the story is of a much more serious nature and would only interest those readers whose interests might coincide with those of the author. However, after a year's intensive consideration and weighing of merits and detriments the conclusion has become strongly implanted that "somewhere in old Missouri" there is a field of new opportunities for one (or almost any) graduate of Johnson High.

R. C. P. Jr., '27

[redacted]

"Give an example of a repellent."
Shy young sophomore: "A skunk."

Suggestions for Class Motto

Balavich: "She was only a wallflower, but—."
Ratcliffe: "Burp! Burp!"
Boush: "Read your Bible daily."
Knowles: "We w————!"
Bastian: "Have you had your yeast today?"
Currier: "GREAT DAY!"

McGregor's study period motto: "Sleep until shaken."

Teacher: "That comes from a Latin verb meaning to *sit down.*

Kmiec at the pencil sharpener suddenly takes his seat.

Teacher scanning blackboard: "I see u but I don't see u. Where is U?"

Connor (reciting in Virgil Class): "Three times I threw my arms around"—uh—uh—"three times I threw my arms around her neck"—uh—"three times I threw my arms around her neck"—er—and that's as far as I could go.

Miss Sargent: "That's quite far enough, Connor. Sit down."

Myrtha Frederick: "Have you got a picture of yourself?"

Ruth Lee: "Yes. Why?"

Myrtha: "I wish you'd look at it awhile. I want the mirror."

Tetler: "The first time I buttoned that coat you sold me, the seam in the back split."

Salesman: "Well, that proves how well the buttons were sewed on."

"If you don't agree, I shall have to take your pie away."

George Busby: "But, Mama, we do agree. Phil wants the biggest piece and so do I."

Morton: "When we halted we pitched our tents."

[redacted]of, don't you?"

[redacted]"

[redacted]d this week."

[redacted]ow, there is the

[redacted] Client: "My gosh, what do you walk on?"



Compliments of

NORTH ANDOVER

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

LAWRENCE RUBBER CO.

455 ESSEX ST. Tel. 25578

For Quality

Overshoes **Trench Coats**
Rubber Boots **Oil Slickers**
Rubbers **Rain Coats**

ZUBER-CHOATE CO.

The Home of College Hall Clothes

559 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

Get Your Skates Ground At

WALTER SUTCLIFFE'S SHOE REPAIR SHOP

75 WATER STREET
Opposite D. & F. Machine Shop

ADVERTISE

IN THE

JOHNSON JOURNAL

Compliments of

SAUNDERS' STUDIO

Special Rates to Graduates

LAWRENCE, MASS.

COMPLIMENTS OF

BROADWAY SAVINGS BANK

454 Essex Street

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Central Service Station

Goodyear Tires
Socony Gasoline and Motor Oils
ED. McINNES
Proprietor

RAILROAD SQUARE Tel. 21717

Compliments of

GLENNIE'S MILK



You won't have to worry

about the end of your journey, and how you're going to get there

if you start in a MACART.

Come in now and select one of these smart new suits and a swanky overcoat.

$25.00

Call for FREEMAN DAVIS

at

Macartney's

431 ESSEX STREET

Lawrence's Biggest—Busiest and Best Men's and Boys' Store

Compliments of

DR. F. P. McLAY

DENTIST

We carry a complete line of Personal Greeting Cards for Christmas

PERKINS' DRUG STORE

T. J. BUCKLEY CO.

FURNITURE

284 Essex Street

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Compliments of

A. P. CURRIER & CO.

CROSS BOOK SHOP

Books Magazines Cards

19 Lawrence Street

LAWRENCE MASS.

Compliments of

BETSY ROSS BREAD

Sliced or Unsliced

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

Compliments of

TOM GILLESPIE

Clothing and Furnishings

Dial 27385 236 Essex Street

LAWRENCE, MASS.

SMITH & COUTTS CO.

PRINTERS

BOOK and COMMERCIAL
PRINTING - ENGRAVING

4 Park Street Andover

COLLEGE CLOTHES

Our Specialty

Suits—$22.50

Extra Trousers—**$2.50**

Tel. 25680

Edwd. J. Koffman
LAWRENCE MASS
CLOTHIER

Tel. 4583

FRED GARDNER'S
TEMPLE OF MUSIC

"The Home of Standard Merchandise"

Service Always—Always Service

379 Essex Street., Lawrence, Mass.

DAVIS & FURBER MACHINE CO.

Textile Machinery

CARD CLOTHING and
NAPPER CLOTHING

Compliments of

DR. M. P. CURREN

DENTIST

J. VENTRE

Ladies' and Gents' Custom Tailor

Cleaning Pressing

Repairing

MAIN STREET

Compliments of

LONGBOTTOM'S MARKETS

Compliments of

Dr. C. M. SAVILLE

DENTIST

MAURICE C. CASEY

Real Estate and Insurance of all Kinds

54 Water Street No. Andover

Compliments of

NO. ANDOVER COAL CO.

Compliments of

FINNERAN'S DRUG STORE

130 Main St. No. Andover

Compliments of

JOHNSON HIGH

LUNCH ROOM

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS OF 1933

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS OF 1934

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

ESSEX SAVINGS BANK

ASSETS, $29,860,000

DIVIDENDS **5%**

For Last Fourteen Years

SAVE

Consistently

Persistent saving while you are young will certainly bring about financial independence in old age.

It's the little amounts that make the big,—start your THRIFT Account here today.

Bay State National Bank

The Only National Bank in Lawrence

Founded 1847

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

SMITH & COUTTS CO.
PRINTERS